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and manner, all were altered. I had part-
ed her a handsome, true-hearted girl. I
was a brilliant woman of the world, beauti-

About the richest joke of the season is a story, which has obtained some credence among verdant circles in Europe, that the Government of the United States will assume the cotton liabilities, and pay off the cotton notes of Jeff Davis.

934 to 1000 - 100 No. 2000 Hags at from 617 to
2.20 per 100 No. 2000 - 2000 head very cheap
at from 617 to 700 No. 1st Cow brought from
to 800 No. 2000

JANUARY 1900

is a separate sketch, and by permission of the publishers of *THE POET*, I shall certainly make an attempt upon the incident—or rather venture, at the earliest opportunity.

STANFORD.

WHEN THE NEW SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES MORRIS.

To the fallen one of Time,
And the world is not with him,
But with you and me,
Struggling with a weary soul,
Up a steep and rugged path,
In the long wall of the years,
Hoping, dreaming, that an Eden lies
Hidden somewhere under the from mortal eyes.

What is left to us from those
Dead and buried comrades?
Is there not some fruit divine,
Some golden grain, dropped long ago
By the feet of angels of love,
From which we may find bread and wine?
Doubt, O doubt! is not in every case,
This is the sure vintage of Experience.

We may have by means of gold
Every cause where thought has failed;
Doubt, perhaps, the future lies
From the depths of graves unknown,
And again, light is shown
On these latter-day skies,
When symbols from Time's faithful memory
Whisper the ages past figure the age to be.

Not much longer shall the throng
Of tyrants and human groans;
Fate with her divine decree
Smile the past; the future stands,
Hope's bright anchor in her hands,
A better shape of destiny;
Shew the dawn streams up the eastern sky,
And all the winged white hours into the night.

Gertie Ray's Awakening.

WHEN THE NEW SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.

"I'm so tired, Cousin Grace!"
Gertrude came and nestled herself on the carpet
at my feet, with her pale face uplifted pleadingly
to mine.

"Tired of what, Gertie?" I asked, wondering
anxiously what there could be in her bird-like
eyes of taking life to tire one.

"Of waiting for something to do in the world.
You who are always busy—of course you do not
sympathize with people who get time to be
idle. Now I am perfectly wretched, and I
don't think you even know it."

I opened my eyes very wide, for truly I did
not know that this smiling, dainty little lady
had found a deeper sorrow in the seventeen
years she had been the petted lamb of the household
than the loss of a cousin. She did not like
it that I should know.

"Now don't look woe-worn! You work
hardly to take everything so terribly in
earnest! I suppose you wouldn't know what I
mean if I told you that I am beginning to grow
nervous and restless with this happy life of
mine. It is too full of sunshine. It separates
me from other people, and I feel lonely. I want
something to do that will absorb all the will
and energy in me as your work does. I want
to earn my rent, and enjoy it as you do. In fact
I think I need to be awakened from this dreamy,
comfortable happiness which comes out of the
cradle with me. Perhaps a little trouble would
be good for me—make a better woman of me."

"Be still, Gertrude Ray!" I commanded. "I
will not hear you talk like that. I do understand
you, and there was a time in my life when
I was as foolish as you are to-day. When my
time of awakening came it was so sudden and
startling that I was more like one stunned than
awakened. Every human life has somewhere
such a shock, I think. Be thankful every day
of your life that yours has not come yet!"

"Oh, Grace, what a croaking old owl you
are!—this spray of buds sweet, pretty!—
look at me, now!"
She had flitted from me, and stood before the
mirror fastening a little branch of moss rosebuds
in her brown curls. She had broken them from
my pet window-plant just as if I had not counted
them over and over, and waited for their
opening with longing eyes. Everything in our
great home belonged to Gertrude just as all the
out-door bloom belongs to the butterflies and
birds. She turned round, and said in her
quiet, childish way:

"Look at me, Cousin Grace. Tell me that I
am pretty—please!"

She did not look like one who is approaching
a great life-awakening. And yet, in my
heart, I felt that her words meant something.
What was this stirring and flutter
of her young soul—was her pure, glad child-
hood taking flight, and would this baby-queen,
this regal pet of ours be like all other women?
Would she build a temple, high and holy, to
an ideal of clay, and sit pale and sorrowful among
the ruins when it falls, as other women do? She
was pure and sweet, and very lovely. Would
she stand before me, some day when the roses
were dead, unwept, and white and patient?
God knew.

"Why don't you smile, Grace? You don't
think I'm very pretty, do you? You don't care
for rosebuds!" she pouted.

"A gentleman down stairs to see you, Miss
Gertrude."

"Who is he, Madge?" she asked, curiously.

"He did not say his name. He said that he
came from Col. Ray."

"Oh, I'm so glad!"

I do not know why it should have been so,
but my heart gave a great thrill, and stood still.
I thought I was getting nervous, too. I was out
of patience with myself, for I had frightened
Gertrude by turning pale; she came and leaned
upon my arm.

"What is it, Grace? Do you think papa is
sick—or dead?"

"Oh, no, not dead, Gertrude. The telegraph
brings all the sad news. I will go down with
you to meet this bearer of good tidings."

We found a gentleman standing in the parlor,
before a fire of glowing coals. He was Col. Ray's
old friend, Mr. Clayton. His arms were
folded across a broad chest, and his head was
turned slightly from us, revealing a profile of
fine features, and a broad, white forehead, covered
with short, brown curls. He turned as we entered,
and his dark eyes, lighted with a steady, un-
flinching expression as they met Gertrude's
glazed, eager face. She had forgotten the rose-
buds in her hair, and her blue eyes were full of
tears. I had never seen her so sweet and so
lovely as it was then. That man had
wonderful eyes; looking in them once you would

have trusted him without asking ought that be-
longed to his past.

"My father—what is it?" she asked, breath-
lessly.

He smiled, a rare, pleasant smile that strength-
ened my sinking heart; and I thought his voice
resounded with those strange, sorrowful,
smiling eyes.

"You have been excited—alarmed, I am
afraid, Miss Ray. The colonel was wounded at
Vicksburg—very slightly—and now, that he is
able to enjoy it, he thinks that he needs his
daughter to read and sing to him, and help him
get well. I have a letter from him which will
explain his plans."

Again that smile, and I noted the peculiar
expression that settled over his face when it
passed. It was like the closing together of the
clouds after a storm of sunshine breaks out in
a stormy day. It was not sadness; it seemed
too holy for that; it was the quiet, patient look
that comes over the face of a life-long sufferer,
who has given up hope long ago, and only waits
for the end.

While Gertrude read the letter I brought re-
freshments, and learned that Col. Ray had
planned for them to come on to Washington
immediately. Gertrude came back with flushed
cheeks and downcast eyes, yet looking very
happy.

"A postscript for you, Cousin Grace," she
said, demurely.

I took the letter, and read—"You need not
fear to trust our little girl to Dr. Clayton's care.
He has saved my life, and if Gertrude can learn to
love him we will reward him nobly, oh, Grace!"

It was like the colonel, and a joke, of course,
that postscript. But somehow I could not help
feeling that Gertrude's merry life was coming
near its awakening to sober earnest. They left
me on the afternoon train, and I went back to
my work and waited. The big house seemed
still and lonely without Gertrude; but then, as she
had said, I was always busy.

Her first letter was brief; they had arrived
safely, and found her father as well as they had
expected; nothing more.

A week later she wrote that the wound had
assumed a dangerous appearance, and the
colonel was wild with fever. Dr. Clayton was
with him day and night, devoted almost exclu-
sively to him. He was not a regular hospital
physician; only a private gentleman, who de-
voted his professional service to the sick and
wounded soldiers out of pure benevolence, re-
ceiving no compensation but the gratitude and
blessings of the poor fellows he nursed to life,
as it often seemed. "It is his mission," he says.
I suspect he has had his awakening.

Ah! Gertrude had found time to study that out,
and all her new duties and trials. The next
letter came after three weeks' waiting.

The colonel was better; but he had been saved
as by fire.

Dr. Clayton was himself worn down with
watching, and almost ill. Gertrude was well; they
had been very careful of her strength; and
never so happy. She did not know how well.
I would know what that meant. "Oh, Grace,"
the letter went on, "I can never tell you how
much we owe to Philip Clayton. A whole life-
time would not be long enough to repay his
kindness to us. That dreadful day when they
left papa upon the field, Philip found him and
brought him away; and he has been with him
through all the danger since. It is very singular
that all the people in this place call him by
his Christian name; but I have fallen into the
habit now, and it just seems natural."

After this Gertrude's letters were eloquent with
Philip Clayton's warm praises. He was perfect
in her eyes. I think that she grew to feel as
the soldiers did, a tender reverence for the man
who ministered with a woman's devotion to
them all. Colonel Ray did not get well so fast
as they had hoped. He was too old now, to re-
cover rapidly from such a shock, and they de-
cided to come home. "Fill papers with us, of
course," Gertrude wrote in her blind confidence
of the future. Gertrude's awakening was very near
now that she had ceased to long for it.

I had everything prepared for their arrival,
and there was still a day to wait before I could
expect them. The last evening which I was to
spend alone, brought the postman unexpectedly
to the door. There was a letter directed in
Gertrude's handwriting, and I went to my room
to read it.

"Dear Cousin Grace," she commenced, "do
you remember that day when you told me how
your life-awakening came so suddenly that you
seemed to yourself to be stunned? My hour
has come, and I think I must be feeling as you
did, or I could not write calmly to you. Have
you thought, dear Grace, in these months of
watching by my father's side, that I was learn-
ing to love the noble, tender man who shared
my care? I confess it to you, now that it is all
over. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to own
how I have loved him; but it seems so and
holy, that I do not feel it shame. I think that
you must have known, for my heart has always
laid bare before your loving eyes. We are com-
ing home, as I told you, and I want this letter
to reach you before I do, and then this subject
need never be mentioned between us again.
How shall I begin this story, which I do not yet
realize myself? In my last I said to you, 'Phil
comes with us, of course.' That was a decision
of papa's and mine, without consulting Dr. Clay-
ton himself. This morning I found papa looking
ill and very grave. He told me that he was feel-
ing worse, much worse; but I replied cheer-
fully that he would soon be well, when we were
once home. 'Do you know that I am to lose my
physician to-day, Gertrude?' he asked, looking
steadily in my face. 'What do you mean, pa-
pa?' I asked. 'That Dr. Clayton will bid us
good-bye this afternoon. He is going to find
somebody who needs him more than we do.'
'And who needs him more than we?' 'I do not
know,' he answered, gloomily, and then, look-
ing into my eyes very earnestly, he added,
'Can you change his purpose, little one?' My
heart was full of sunshine and singing birds, all
day. I could keep him with us always. I would
never let him go. I was glad that I was young
and beautiful, for I could keep him. I knew
that he was going away because he loved me;
this lefty man in his humility. I could bid him
stay; after all he had done for us, it would not be
bold to say to him, 'Our northern home is very
lovely; stay with us always there.' I said all this
over softly to myself curiously, and yet I trem-
bled when late in the day I heard his step on the
stairs, at my door. I went to meet him, and I
saw that his step was wistful; and when I
reached my hand to him, he sank into the chair
beside the door, and covered his eyes with his
hand. 'Pardon me, Miss Ray, I believe I am
excited; I have come to my good-bye.' He was
breathing heavily, like one in a nightmare.
'And I will not hear you say good-bye. Papa

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.
SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.
UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

MRS. BELLA E. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and Mr. EMERSON BENNETT having retired from the post, THE POST moves into the new quarters of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRINCE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEE," "CLARA MORRIS," &c., &c.
has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;
A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by Mrs. BELLA E. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

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Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.

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TIME'S CHANGES.

Flow, silver streamlet, to the shining sea,
By rock and ruin, glide by lawn and lee,
But summer not so solemnly and sad.

Oh I have heard thee sing a lonely strain:
Oh I have seen thee move that silent train,
Whence merry words and child-like glad.

Sing, wood-bird, sing, deep in the forest shade;
Let thy wild music come through the glade,
But pipe not such a mournful melody!

Blithe were thy warblings when this heart was
young;
Oh! chant again that happy matin-song
Which broke my slumbers in the years gone by.

Chime, Sabbath-bells, your melodies of peace,
Which told our earth-born souls and stirrings
new.

And whisper tidings from the far-off shore;
But blind not with your notes that cruel knell
Which bids to youth and home a sad "Fare-
well!"

O chime again as in the days of yore!
Are there no sad and altered as they were?
Or are they as they were in childhood's dream,
When life was fragrant as a rose in June?

They answer not. To me they seem estranged;
The treacherous years have all their music
changed.

Or else my heart is beating out of time!

PAULINE ROME;

OR,

MY MISTAKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY AUGUST BELL.

CHAPTER I.

Ned Lacy and I are cousins, and have been friends from boyhood. I had lived two lonely years with my uncle, who had become my guardian, when one stormy winter night, the night of my birth, I lay dreaming before the library fire, the door swung open, and a bright-eyed boy came in. My uncle was close behind, and he looked down at us both with a great pity in his eyes, as he said gently:

"My boys, my two little orphan nephews, you have only me and each other in the world. Little children, love one another."

I glanced inquiringly at the new boy; he was my cousin then, my cousin Ned Lacy, whose father and mother, the housekeeper had been that day telling me, were only a little while ago lost at sea. I liked him at once; there was something so open and frank in his look as he met my eyes. There were tears in his own as uncle spoke, and he looked at me with a quivering on his red young mouth. Ned had loved his father and mother greatly. I learned the strength of his devotion afterwards, as one by one he told the tender details of his affection and how he loved us two. And now, looking back through all the years to that first evening in the library, with the storm beating on the windows, and Ned and I two little friendless boys, except for our dear old uncle; and when I think of that night, with his white, thin hair, and sweet, worn face, taking us both to his heart, it seems to me that Christ must have loved him as He did His own most beloved disciple, who, in his old age, among his last words, said, "Little children, love one another."

I am not, perhaps, quick to love, less quick now than in those old days. I am just—sternly just, men say—and I find it hard to trust or admit any character that has ever even in the slightest way swayed from perfect nobleness. Do I think myself faultless then? Heaven knows I cannot!

My boyish exaltations found nothing ignoble in Ned Lacy. He yielded to me, as his elder, a winning deference which called my favor to begin with, and no one could have helped loving the bright, affectionate, open-hearted child. My uncle watched us with delight; he heard our lessons himself; he listened to the story of our sports, and with a hand for each of us, walked every day beneath his ancestral trees, telling us of our parents, and how they loved each other.

"And so must you, my boys," he always said.

One evening I remember vividly. I lay in the old dark parlor, at my uncle's feet, my head pillowed on Bruno, and for a wonder did not know our think where Ned might be. I was sixteen then, and he fifteen; both daring, adventurous boys. That day we had been reading the Fairy Queen together, and I was in fancy living it all over again—myself a Red Cross knight—when suddenly, just as I imagined I was searching desperately for the true Una, I heard, or thought I heard, a cry in the darkness and distance. Bruno lifted his head, and as we listened we heard it again. At that moment my uncle asked:

"Where is Ned?"

"Oh! uncle!" I cried, springing up, "see Bruno pawing at the door. I heard a cry just now; something is happening to Ned!" And I rushed from the room with the excited dog bounding before me.

Out into the night we plunged, and down the long avenue toward the lake, whence seemed to come that still faintly repeated cry. The household were aroused and following us, but Bruno and I were first to stand on the dark, steep bank, first to see the uplifted hand clanking a slender branch of the weeping willow, and the white, scared face beneath. The next moment Bruno was in the water by Ned's side, while I, in confusion, on the shore, remembering Ned's splendid skill in swimming, called out:

"Ned, why don't you swim in? It's not more than six feet!"

"I can't, Dane! I'm swimming in a draggling me down," he answered, with an indefinite terror in his voice.

By this time the servants stood beside me. Last of all came the gardener, with a rope, which was just the thing wanted. He threw it to Ned, who did not catch at it.

"My strength is almost gone," I am about to let go of the rope. "It will drag me down!"

Bruno at his side barked wildly. Four Ned! I leaped into the water, and in a moment was swimming the rope about his waist and arms, keeping myself afloat.

"Now shall we pull him in?" asked the man.

"Yes, pull—anything!" gasped Ned.

I tossed my head from the bank, and supported his head, while they drew him in. Slowly, slowly, they pulled. Some heavy weight was evidently attached to him, but whatever it was, it suddenly fell off, and they raised him up on the shore, gasping at length, after all the terrible tension upon nerve and strength. We fell to work rubbing his hands and feet. Bruno still howled, standing dripping on the bank, while Jake, the gardener's boy, explored the water curiously with a long stick. Suddenly he cried aloud, and as I turned—Time can never blot out that sight!—I saw twisted about the pole something white, and floating like a garment, and in seeing it, gleaming ghastly, as the moon, struggling out of the clouds, struck down upon it, was a face, dead!

"Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity!"

I turned again, to see my uncle, with eyes full of horror, surveying the scene. He instantly ordered that Ned should be carried to the house, and myself to go with him, while he remained upon the bank to give orders about the poor lifeless body.

Poor Ned! such a sight was enough to turn his brain, but he was strong and young—he overcame it. It seems he had conceived the romantic idea of imagining himself Lancelot, his horse being the statue beyond the lake! He had swam to the further side of his mimic Hellespont, with the clouds gathering in the sky above him, and then turning back, had almost reached his starting place again, when his feet became entangled inextricably—the more he struggled, the more hopelessly, and it seemed to him that a cold hand clutched at him. Instinctively he caught at the willow swaying above, and so clung screaming till we came.

The next day my uncle checked all curious questioning about the drowned body.

"It is an unhappy suicide, my children—ask no more," he said gravely.

But I was not satisfied till, in a solitary ramble, I discovered a spot where the earth had been disturbed in among the shrubbery, an oblong spot, which I knew must be the grave of the unknown. And a relief awaited me too, for as I pushed aside the bushes, gaining the bank, there lay in the long grass under the willow something gleaming. I took it up, the damp, cold, shining thing. It was a bracelet of amber and gold, with a great clasp, curiously wrought, containing a flaming red carbuncle cut like a heart. This was my treasure-trove! I showed it to my uncle, and to Ned; then, as no one could claim it, in spite of all remonstrances I put it away with my hidden things, now and then to be taken out, dreamed over, and shuddered at.

At that time I was sixteen—two years more, and I was eighteen. Ned and I were dearer to each other than most brothers, I think, and brave and daring as he was, I ever felt a sense of protection towards him, perhaps because I was older, perhaps because I was stronger. Yet our studies and pursuits so far were identical, our achievements the same. It was then that my uncle grew feeble, became sick unto death at last, and having charged us, as so often before, to "love one another," he passed away. Ned and I stood at the bedside upon our great grief, he weeping uncontrollably upon my shoulder, while I closed the sightless eyes which had always looked kindly upon us.

The next month was dreary enough. Lawyers settled my uncle's estate, dividing it between us two, but we were not to have absolute possession for seven years, when I would be twenty-five, and Ned twenty-four. Until that time the principal lawyer who played the rôle of guardian, suggested decidedly that we had better pursue our studies and travel. To accomplish both which ends we went to Heidelberg, and lived the happy, careless, German student life for years. I think I studied by far the most. Ned, arriving at manly growth, tossed back his brown locks, smoked his meerschaum, fell in love a dozen times, wrote poetry, and withal kept his heart good and pure, as might be seen by his glance into his honest, dark eyes. But serious times had not yet come to Ned. I studied hard. I was ambitious. Life stretched before me full of grand possibilities, I meant to make them real. Nothing short of the very highest and best should satisfy me.

At length we left Heidelberg, and travelling about among the mountains, rivers and cities of Europe for a year, came home at last to claim our patrimony. Followed? I suppose so. Courtied and flattered we seemed everywhere to be, but these things were, I know, but as dust in the balance to Ned and me, for up to this time our ambitions were lofty, our aims pure and unselfish. Ned! my dear Ned! I need sometimes to lay my arm upon his shoulder and look into his clear, dark eyes, thinking how, so far, all my world lay there.

But we came home at last. The next thing was to assume all our responsibilities, and to this end we visited our guardian.

CHAPTER II.

Pauline Rome! She had made herself a swing among the grape-vines at the end of the verandah, and there she nestled, cradling herself to and fro with little taps of her small, shapely foot upon the boards beneath. A woman like a peach, or like a pink dahlia, or like a rhododendron blossom, so much warmth and color lay in her face, though she was by right a blonde. Her hair was brown hair, and it clustered like vine tendrils; her indolent, long-lashed blue eyes questioned us with a look which would have seemed bold in eyes less beautiful, and her ruby, pouting lips already smiled upon us.

"Here I am, a Bacchante among my vine-leaves. Why don't you introduce me?" she called out in a voice of full, rich sweetness, as our guardian would have passed her.

With slow courtesy he stopped.

"Miss Rome, gentlemen. These are my expected wards, Pauline," said Mr. Periam. "I regret that my daughter is not here to welcome you, but she has gone on a visit to her aunt."

"We shall do very well without Elizabeth. Now which is Dane Hawes, and which is Ned Lacy?" she demanded impudently; then went on: "Because I mean to like Dane best, for the sake of his odd name."

Her freedom displeased me, though I hardly knew why. I replied with an irrepressible coldness:

"I am Mr. Hawes, at your service, Miss Rome."

"Oh! yes," she retorted, lifting her long lashes, and by mutual consent we all went in, and down the long, dark parlor, to where at the end sat our lady Pauline, like an unworried queen, dreaming, gloomy—her marble-like arm gleaming as she reached forward to stroke a few stray curls on the plain boys for her comfort.

She knew we came but did not heed us, gazing on to the bitter end:

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me!"

There is always something touching in the glimpse of a soul where we had not suspected one. I was momentarily affected. The servant brought in light. Pauline looked round at us like a hunted deer.

"Why did you come in to hear me?" she asked. "I am blue to-night, and life does not seem good for much!"

"Life is good for a great deal when we remember what is coming after it," Pauline said. "Pauline, kindly, laying her hand upon her curls as she spoke. She caught the hand down, and kissed it; he drew it away at that. Ned stopped forward with ready sympathy in his eyes."

"Don't feel sad, Miss Pauline!" he said. "We don't want you to be so." She gave him a slow, sweet smile, and moving a little nearer, looked out (as if from under her shadow) at me defiantly.

"And you? you don't care for me, do you?" she asked. "That was the way she spoiled her sweet face, always coming in with some little speech, which made me think her feelings were not touched after all. I thought her a commonplace scold, but did not come any nearer telling her so than to say:

"I think you can manage the case very much better than I!"

She fairly turned her back on me then, and laying her hand on Ned's arm, with a remark that the air was stifling, turned him off for a promenade in the garden; while I smoked a cigar with Mr. Periam, and listened to his unwearying talk about his absent daughter Elizabeth. But in my heart I was anxious about Ned; I had never been so in any of his former fancies or flirtations, somehow I had always felt they were not such as to harm his nature, his nobleness; but towards this woman I was morose. Her very beauty was against her, there was something cloying in her sweetness, her clinging touch. And when she was really sad, her eyes had the look of a wounded animal's, touching, it is true, but it would never remind you of a sorrowing angel. I presumed to be her judge, her unjust judge, and I felt a kind of hatred for her growing in my heart.

They came in at last, one end of Pauline's shawl wet and soiled, where she had let it trail on the ground; some slight carelessness always marked her. Her cheeks glowed with carnation, and her eyes looked up at Ned like stars. She had brought in an arm full of bouquets, loaded with sweet pink peach blossoms, and throwing them down on a chair, she buried her face in them for a moment.

"Aren't they splendid?" she said then; "Garden, you see I've been nipping your peaches in the bud."

"I see you are guilty! What shall I do? For a punishment you shall have no peaches all summer!"

"No peaches?" she exclaimed, opening her blue eyes wide, "not have my peaches with sugar and cream?"

"I concede you like fruit," I said.

"Ah, yes! Straw, rich fruit! I love to eat it, to enjoy it, to stain my hands and lips with it—sunny peaches, great purple and golden clusters of grapes, juicy pears, and unspeakable pine-apples! I would love to be such fruit myself!"

"Just like her?" I thought—"in her metamorphosis she will be something of the kind." Ned looked at her with a steady admiration in his eyes; he was plainly for the time a victim to the beautiful lady so like a rhododendron blossom.

That night he proposed to me to lengthen our visit, but as he would give no reason, I refused decidedly. I would not have stayed longer for a kingdom, so the next morning we departed. Mr. Periam and Pauline, who seemed very quiet, accompanied us to the steps. As we passed the open parlor door, I saw lying in confusion the bouquets of faded peach-blossoms, not so pleasantly fragrant as last night, I fancy.

Our home lay several miles away. Once there, we rambled over the old rooms, and the long-remembered grounds, with boyish delight. We planned few improvements, but many restorations, and promised ourselves long, happy days together there, studying and working with some definite ambition, and in perfect friendship. But before the week passed, Ned went away, staying a day and night; and in another week he went again.

When pressed, he did not deny that he had visited at Mr. Periam's for the sake of Pauline Rome.

"And I love her, too," he said, with unwonted firmness in his handsome face. "This is the one love of my life. I cannot live away from her. I shall ask her to be my wife!"

I looked at him in dismay. I had not dreamed it would go so far as this. My Ned to be bound for life to that Pauline, who would inevitably chain his soul down, and keep him all his days like a fly caught in honey! And to have her in our home, his mistress, that was unbearable! I told Ned so; and told him moreover, that she was incapable of real, intense, self-sacrificing love, that she was impulsive and fickle, and that I had no doubt she had been engaged a dozen times, her manner showed so much reckless experience.

Ned's eyes flamed then, he was furious; he used fierce, indignant language to me for the first time in his life, and declared that he would ask Miss Rome the very next day to marry him. I would not yield, but I said no more, and he thought me vanquished, I suppose; for the anger died suddenly out of his face, and throwing his arm about me in the old accustomed way, he said:

"Never mind, Dane, you'll know her better before long! You're too close of me, that's all; but indeed, Dane, she is my only hope of happiness!"

And so he left me. I sat for an hour thinking; and then my resolve was fixed. I would interfere to save Ned. The means might not be justifiable, but they would be sure, and I should regain my friend with his pure soul untrapped. I felt convinced that Pauline was light and trifling, on a faint romance, and perfectly heartless—though her warm and exuberant temperament would mask that for awhile. She would probably accept Ned—she would not cast away the prize of an honest heart and a home of luxury; not unless some stronger influence swayed her otherwise. I determined to be that influence, to draw her attention to myself, to show Ned how easily she could be moulded, and

by teaching him to despise her, win him back to myself and to safety. For my own part I knew I was invulnerable. I had no fear on that score. As I determined to love myself for the moment, to do what I hated, the thought of doing, to make an effort to please Pauline Rome, that I might save my friend from her.

CHAPTER III.

The next day, to Ned's surprise, I proposed to accompany him to Mr. Periam's. We drove over in the morning, laughing and talking gaily together, each evading the subject of the day before. When we reached Mr. Periam's house, we found that his daughter Elizabeth had returned the previous day; and now the young ladies, with some friends, were getting ready for a riding party. There was a crowd of gentlemen, and our arrival was hailed with enthusiasm. A tall pale girl, habited in black, stood in the doorway; it was Miss Pauline; her father introduced me as I hastened up, and she gave me a slight but friendly nod. In company I should have stopped to speak with her a moment; but on seeing myself, I passed quickly into the parlor, hoping to secure Pauline for the ride, before Ned, as otherwise he would have a chance to make his offer of marriage immediately.

I found her at a table; she wore a dress of white color; she was trying to button the garment on her wrist, but it slipped from her.

"Let me finish it," I said; and the little hand lay readily in mine. The garment was managed in a moment. Then I said:

"May I be selfish, Miss Pauline, and monopolize you for the ride?"

She looked at me in utter surprise. The pink dahlia color mounted into her cheeks.

"I thought you disliked me," she said, faintly. I was surprised. I found I must disoblige at once.

"You have not known me," I replied, "let us become acquainted now."

"With all my heart; it is just what I wanted." And a question light dawned in her eyes.

Ned came up breathless to claim her; he had been scribbling everywhere else for her. She looked pleasantly in his face, and said:

"You're too late, Ned; another cavalier was in attendance before you."

Ned glanced at me a little curiously, and went away disappointed. We all went out to mount together. I saw Miss Pauline spring into her saddle with a nimbility which showed her thorough knowledge of the position, and she easily held her spirited horse in check, as she waited for the rest.

Miss Pauline was slender and exquisitely formed; there was a haughtiness in the pose of her head, which her clear-cut profile did not contradict. But I had time for only a glance just then, as Pauline kept me very busy getting her mounted, arranging her dress, and supplying her with whip and reins. At last we were off. Pauline was a timid rider, and we fell somewhat behind the rest. It was my cue to humor her, to please her; so I made myself as entertaining as possible in all sorts of trifling ways, and showed a constant deference to her which could not fail to attract. I replied against it, I despised myself; but the sight of Ned in advance, looking round at me now and then and then, put hardness into my heart. At one time in the ride, Pauline spoke of Miss Periam.

"She is splendid," she said. "But we don't seem to get on together marvelously well. She is just as kind as kind can be; but she doesn't seem to care much about talking with me. She never tells me any secrets!"

"Harris for Miss Periam?" I ejaculated inwardly.

"And so you know I don't really like her. We are of different styles," added Pauline, with an assumption of stateliness. "Besides she is a 'blue,' reads Greek and German, and converses in Latin, which is very disagreeable to one who knows nothing. I am not even up to my grammar and arithmetic!" And she looked up at me as if she thought her ignorance a charm. I became interested in Miss Pauline. She had a superior mind then; to be some excuse for the pride in her face. But Pauline would not say another word about her, and half petulantly turned the subject.

"My saddle is slipping!" she exclaimed. "I know it is not fastened properly."

So she had to dismount, while I reigned the maddie. She waited by the side of the road, leaning indolently against a wall; there was a sort of Eastern languor about all her attitudes. As she came back at my call, she said carelessly:

"There! I've trodden an ant-hill down! I'm always doing mischief. Dane, you had better beware of me!"

"If you are dangerous, I shall learn to be rash," I said, gallantly.

"Whip my horse, then, and make him go faster. I'm tired of this insane trot. Be how far ahead they all are!"

So we put our horses to a gallop; but Pauline held tight to the saddle all the time, in terror at her own ambition. We finally reached the little grove where we were to dismount. A stroll was proposed, and as we mingled and re-formed in groups, I was unavoidably separated from Pauline, and found myself next to Miss Periam.

What purity and clearness there was in every outline of her face, and every movement and position showed an innate nobleness. While in her company, one felt an ever-growing impatience at the worldliness and selfishness which made so many unlike her. She looked round at me with a bright smile, and said:

"What an air this is, Mr. Hawes. It makes one's pulses beat to the time of old war-melodies!"

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"It is like the goldenest of nectar, with all this sunshine in it."

"Ah, see that bird!" she exclaimed, "how straight up to the sun he flies. I wish we could climb up the sky after him."

"By the ladder of the angels?" I asked; but before I could watch for her answer, my mind was disturbed by seeing Ned and Pauline wandering apart from the rest, towards a tall rock. They must not be alone together yet! So I suddenly proposed that we should take that path.

"You wish to join your cousin and Pauline," she said, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. That annoyed me a little, for I did not wish her to think that I valued her company so lightly. But of course I could not explain. As we came up with them, with the easiest grace imaginable, she walked along with Ned, and left Pauline to me.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LITERATURE AND FASHION.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

THE WAY TO START A HACK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bob Dingle, Esq., took, quite, the last bus to the office over since the Girard has been on the line. Indeed, Bob has been a long time a victim of the establishment that if there is an attack inside, outside, or anywhere about the Girard, who is not familiar with the speech of Bob's point, or the rest of his point, two squares distant, it is because said attack has not been at the Girard long enough—yet Bob.

One day Bob Dingle was standing on that end of the balcony next the entrance to the Girard, figuring futurity in his note book, and mattering to himself how long for several fellow Girard gain to hear him:

"Was from thirty-seven, twenty-six. Three times twenty-six are eighty-eight—eighty-eight and fifty-one are one hundred and thirty-nine. Yes, I guess I can afford to get it. It'll put in proposition, any way. No harm do—"

"Hello, Dingle, what's the matter?" interrupted lawyer R., "meditating a proposition, you mean, another new dress coat, or—"

"No, not quite," interrupted Bob in turn. "I was going to offer a wage of a game supper and a basket of champagne with any gentleman present that'll start off up the street as fast as the law allows, any one of that line of hacks, without saying a word to the driver or moving from this balcony."

"Good—It'll take that wage," said lawyer R. "And it'll put in Jim R. "And it'll school him."

"Agreed gentlemen. Contribute. Make up the \$100 among you. That'll cover the cloth for six of us, I reckon. And then ten extra for the driver, you know. Go in—hard are my 'greenies.'"

"Bob laid \$110 in the hands of Col. H., and looked quietly confident. The pile was covered by the confederates, and Bob said:

"Now, gentlemen, designate the hack that is to start."

It named the last vehicle in the line down street, and the confederates acquiesced.

"Very well. All right, gentlemen." Bob Dingle drew a card from his case, wrote on the back of it with his pencil, "Mike Flannigan, run up to 1607 Chestnut street. Drive like John. B. D."

Bob looked over the balcony, and beckoned to a little blacking imp down under foot, dropped into his fist the card, with a fifty cent fractional fee, said, "Mike Flannigan." Blackie scooted, and in ten seconds Mike Flannigan's hack was whirling away up Chestnut street like a crazy steamroller driving in first to a big fire.

The confederates looked cold. Col. H. quietly passed over the stakes to Bob, who paid Mike Flannigan \$10, pocketed \$10, and paid for the game supper and the champagne with the balance.

SELLING AN AUCTIONEER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Our handsome, gentlemanly, genial Major Frank M.—of course Frank is only commissioned an auctioneer, and is no more a Major militarily than he is Frank M. baptistically; but just bring up the handsomest hammer handle in this city of Philadelphia, wherever you meet the man, and say to him—"Forty dollars advanced on forty thousand," and if he don't say—"Going—gone—sold, gentlemen—come into the St. James," we beg his pardon. He is not the Frank M. we mean.

The other day George W., whose smooth, round, jolly face every one who has been six times to the post office and three on change, remembers as well as they do Don's, went driving into Frank's office all business, and sung out:

"Look a-here, old fellow, can you accommodate me with a small advance on a choice lot of fancy dry goods that I want to get off my hands?"

"Yes, my dear fellow, certainly. But, thunder! I never knew that you had figured a cent in the dry goods line."

"Yes, a trifle, Frank. Been dabbling a trifle in that way these two years. Got stuck with a fancy lot, I'm afraid—forty thousand dollars' worth. Want you to get the invoice off for me at best price. Shall I send round enough to cover the advance?"

"Fahaw—no. What the mischief are you talking about? Forty thousand dollars? My purpose to-day."

"Forty dollars. Why, George, you're crazy, man. Here—call it \$4,000."

"No! I won't, Frank. I don't want it. Give me the \$40, and to-morrow I'll drive the goods round, and take the \$4,000, if you happen to have it convenient."

George went out with the forty dollars, and on the following day, punctual to appointment, he walked into Frank's office, and up to that gentleman's desk with the lovely, accomplished, and fascinating Mrs. W. on his arm.

"There, old fellow," said George, as grave as an owl, "there's the choicest invoice of fancy dry goods in this city, I know. Has cost me forty thousand dollars—and is worth fifty per cent. above that figure as the market are."

George W. got several orders from his better half, and Frank, finding himself successfully sold, proposed a compromise.

"I say you unconscionable chaffer, keep this cell to yourself, and the forty dollars to buy one of those ten ten 'Emperors' for Madam W."

George promised; but there was some one else in hearing that didn't, and Frank M. is an everyday customer from that dry goods sell.

GOOD INVESTMENT.—A gentleman saw a notice of valuable information sent to any address on the receipt of ten cents, and thought that he must have ten cents' worth more of knowledge. He sent his dime and received in answer the following: "Friend, for your ten cents, postage, etc., please find enclosed advice which may be of great value to you. As many persons are injured for weeks, months and years by the careless use of a knife, therefore my advice is, when you use a knife, always whistle from you."

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AUNT ISABEL.—"Bessie, will you have some bread-and-butter?"
BESSIE.—"No!"
AUNT ISABEL.—"Is that the way to answer? No what?"
BESSIE.—"No bread-and-butter!"

HOUSE-CLEANING.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,"

Of cleaning paint and scrubbing floors, and scouring far and near;
Heaped in the corners of the room, the ancient dirt lay quiet,
And spiders wove their webs secure from fear,
And din, and din,
But now the carpets all are up, and from the staircases top
The mistress calls to man and maid to wield the broom and mop.

Where are those rooms, those quiet rooms, the house but now presented
Wherein we dwell, nor dreamed of dirt, so cozy and contented?
Alas! they're turned all upside down, that quiet suite of rooms,
With slops, and suds, and soap, and sand, and tube, and pails, and brooms;
Chairs, tables, stands are standing round at sixes and at sevens,
While wife and housemaids fly about like meteors in the heavens.

The parlor and the chamber floor were cleaned a week ago,
The carpets shook and windows washed, as all the neighbors know;
But still the archway had escaped—the table piled with books,
Pens, ink, and paper, all about, peace in its very looks—

Till fell the women on them all, as falls the plague on men,
And then they vanished all away—books, papers, ink, and pen.

And now, when comes the master home, as come he must of nights,
To find all things are "set to wrongs" that they have "set to rights!"

When the sound of driving taxis is heard, though the house is far from still,
And the carpet woman on the stairs, that harpinger of ill—

He looks for papers, books, or bills, that all were there before,
And sighs to find them on the deck or in the drawer no more.

And then he grimly thinks of her who set this fuss afoot,
And wishes she were out at sea in a very leaky boat;
He meets her at the parlor door, with hair and cap awry,
With gloves tucked up and broom in hand, defiance in her eye;
He feels quite small, and knows full well there's nothing to be said,
So holds his tongue and drinks his tea, and sneaks away to bed.

"I MOURN for my bleeding country," said a certain army contractor to General Sheridan. "So you ought, you scoundrel," replied Sheridan, "for nobody has bled her more than you have."

A RINGULAR echo is said to reverberate around a great many petroleum wells. It says, "Bil-yoo-men!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BUILDING HOOK.

We built three hogs a few years ago, that when completed, very greatly astonished our gulf state neighbors for a considerable distance on every side of us.

Our nearest neighbor, Dr. R. B. Phillips, a first-class farmer for that latitude, had a litter of ten pigs, six weeks old, from a pure Chester county sow and an imported Berkshire boar, and the day that the pigs were six weeks old, the doctor said to us:

"I am going to select three of these pigs to make hogs of. Then I shall make you a present of the three best ones—we will keep them until a year from next Christmas, and let us see who will make the most pork. They say, you Yankees do best all nature in making hogs."

So the selection was made; that was in September; the doctor put the pigs into a close pen. And from that day till the day of their death, they were constantly kept up, and

fed with everything a hog is supposed to like.

Our three were put into a tolerably fair pasture, and had skimmed milk for three months, about a quart each, three times a day. At the end of that time they were put into a warm pen to pass the winter. Their diet was a quart of corn-meal mush made with milk, three times a day, and for three months every week they got boiled potatoes and parsnips. The pen was cleaned and washed out every day, and twice a week piglets got a thorough scrubbing down with soap-suds and a stiff brush. They liked that.

In April they were returned to the clover pasture, and their milk rations increased to two quarts each, three times a day, and by mid summer to three quarts—soap-suds practice being continued regularly.

On the first day of October we put our pigs to make hogs of. The regular feed was the corn-meal mush made with milk—four feeds a day, and about two quarts at each meal. The pen and trough were washed clean every morning, and the animals washed as usual twice a week.

On the twenty-fourth day of December we slaughtered our hogs; and on Christmas day we weighed—the doctor's pork, ranging from about two hundred and sixty pounds to two ninety. Ours ran, according to the figures made at the time, and now within three inches of the point of our pen—429—413, and 398.

These three hogs hung in state for planters to wonder at, as long as Mississippi Christmas weather would permit.

WINTER STORAGE OF VEGETABLES.

Never but in the last necessity turn your field or vegetable garden into a cemetery. Roots and vegetables sometimes do very well buried. But it is an uncertain practice, besides being slowly and expensively. If you have any very considerable amount of vegetables to dispose of for the winter, the labor expended, with waste of straw and loss of material by either freezing or rotting, will in two seasons be more than sufficient to cover the whole expense of constructing a root-house that will accommodate all your roots and vegetables, and last as long as you live.

The best material of which to construct such a vegetable garner is stone or bricks; and the best plan is to arch them over like a Dutch oven. But wood of some lasting kind, as spruce, cedar, and hemlock, will answer very well. Select a site convenient to the kitchen-door, where the drainage can be made perfect, and build an outdoor cellar high enough to clear the head of the head of the family. About eight feet by twelve in the clear is a good size—that admits of an alley through the center two feet wide, with blue three feet wide, in two tiers on either side. Have double, or two doors at the entrance, with a space the thickness of the wall between them, both closing tight, and a sliding panel in one of them to let in the air on pleasant winter days, and a small, glazed window in the rear end for light and ventilation. Cover the fabric with earth a foot or so thick, and sod over nicely, forming a green mound in summer time, and for winter use the best possible store house for all sorts of vegetables, except onions, which ought to be kept in a dry, moderately cool chamber.

Turnips, beets, and carrots should occupy the lower berths in separate apartments; potatoes, and the general run of cabbage ought to have the second tier. The fine, large selected cabbages are kept better than in any other way, by being tied by the heads in pairs and hung across small poles over head.

Parsnips are better for being left in the ground just as they grow, and dug up as required for the table; though in hard freezing latitudes, enough should be stored, covered with earth, in the root house, for a winter supply.

The winter crock-neck squash, Boston Marrow, the Pervern, Hubbard, and good, ripe, round, field pumpkins, having the stems on, may be kept in cool, dry root-houses, or cellars, all through the winter, and until late in the spring, by either suspending them by the stems, or placing on shelves over head.

The advantage of such an out-door store-house are manifold—the principal ones being a great saving of labor and time always expended in carrying into and cleaning out house cellars, the unreliable practice of trying to keep vegetables in ordinary cellars, and more important than all, the house is kept free from the unpleasant and almost insupportable odor of decaying vegetables rotting in the cellar.

Where any considerable quantity of roots are fed to stock, every hog ought to have a dry, well-ventilated, root-cellar, in which the material is kept from freezing, and is always accessible, and always ready to be used.

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A STUDENT who was declaiming vigorously, and, as he doubtless believed, eloquently, on "The Language of Man," burst forth with, "The indispensable contributions of the inferior members of the animal kingdom to our noble language, and—" But here his later stopped him, and satirically requested an explanation of the "indispensable contributions" referred to. Whereupon the student, without being at all shocked, at once replied, "They may be found, sir, in such words as dog-matism, cat-astrophism, assiduity, pugilism, duck-tilly, hen-pecked, cygnet, cow-dip, pig-meat, ass-tail, and rustication."

"WHAT capital snacks these Gloucester fishermen have to go to sea in," exclaimed an appreciative gentleman, who had been "looking the thing over." "Yes," replied his companion, "but they're not to be compared to the snacks they get on their return home!"

RECIPTS.

Original.

VERY FINE FOR FEATHERS.

Now is the time to begin to look after your last year's feathers. Never throw away a five-dollar or fifty-cent plume just because it happens to be faded and dirty. If it is not frayed and ragged, and has its backbone broken, you can easily and cheaply bring it back to all its pristine beauty.

Discard, say, fifteen grains sulphate of soda, and two ounces of alum, in a quart of boiling hot water; give the plume a bath of five minutes or so in the solution; then swing it gently to and fro with its top and hanging down, and when it is nearly dry, hold it for three, four or five minutes, as it may require, in the fumes of burning sulphur, pretty close to the blaze, taking care not to scorch it.

One such preparation will renovate a dozen soiled and dragged plumes, if not too far gone.

VERY FINE RICE.

One pint milk; boil it, and pour it on a tea-cupful of flour. Take 10 oz. white sugar; stir this into the milk; weigh 4 oz. butter and 2 of lard; now add one teaspoon of yeast, (if the milk is not yet too hot,) and the butter and lard; make a soft dough. Do this at noon. In the evening it will be light. Knead it over, and set in a cool place till morning. Now roll the dough upon the pie-board, and cut it into small cakes. Let them stand till very light before baking.

TOMATO SOY.

One peck tomatoes, 1 cup salt, 3 tablespoonful ground cloves, 3 dr. cinnamon, 1 do. black pepper, 4 onions, and 3 ripe peppers chopped fine. Boil 4 hours, and after it is cooled add 1 quart vinegar. Put it up in wide-mouthed bottles, sealed.

Peaches.

Quarter of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Make a syrup, and when boiling, drop in the fruit. Let them boil up, then put them in hot jars, made so by boiling them in water. Seal while hot.

CROQUETTES.

Chop to a paste as much veal and ham as you have. Put a little onion, chopped very fine; add bread, or cracker crumbs, pepper, salt, nutmeg, parsley, sweet marjoram, and sweet basil. Make a little thickened milk, or water, with a few spoonfuls of flour; mix it into the paste of meat, etc.; then make it out into little shapes, (a jelly-glass is a good mould;) dip in the yolk of an egg, roll in the crumbs, and fry in lard.

MARSH CAKE.

Half-pound flour, half-pound sugar, half-pound butter, the whites of eight eggs, one-eighth pound almonds, blanched and split, quarter-pound citron. Get a little cochineal from the confectiories, (as that from the druggists will impart a purplish hue to the cake.) Directions: Cream together the butter and sugar; add the eggs, beaten, then the sugar; then beat all together until it is extremely light. Color one-third of the batter; put into a mould half of the remaining white batter, then a layer of citron and almonds; then put in the pink batter, and another layer of citron and almonds; finally, put in the rest of the white batter. Bake in a moderate oven.

Selected.

A VERY NICE PUDDING.—Soak over night six or seven broken soda crackers in one quart of milk. In the morning add 3 eggs, 1½ tablespoonfuls of molasses, brown sugar, cinnamon, and nutmeg to the taste; when ready for the oven, put on the top bits of butter; this will greatly improve the crust. This may be greatly improved by adding fruit.

OAT CAKE.—Melt half an ounce of salt butter or lard in a pint of boiling water, and having put a pound of oatmeal into a basin, pour the water, quite boiling, upon it. Stir it as quickly as it is possible to do it, into a dough. Turn this out on a baking-plate and roll it out until it is as thin as it can be to be held together, then cut it out into the shape of small round cakes. Make these firm by placing them over the fire on a griddle for a very short time, and afterwards toast them on each side alternately before the fire until they become quite crisp.

WHISKY CAKE.—1 cup of butter, 3 of sugar, 5 of flour, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon of soda, spice to the taste—mix with sour milk to the right consistency.

COUNT PLASTER.—Put 4 barrels' feet into a large quantity of water: let them boil until the meat will leave the bone: then take them out, skim the oil carefully off, put the liquor on again in a smaller vessel, and boil it till it is of a suitable consistency to spread on silk (say the thickness of molasses) with a brush.

FOR COLORED SUE WOOD RUN.—Dip the moss into a boiling solution of 1 oz. alum in 1 pint water. Dry it. Make a solution of 2 oz. c:chinal; 2 oz. cream tartar, one tablespoonful spirits karpshorn; 2 1/2 tumbler water. Dip in the moss, wring, and dry in the shade.

COLD CREAM.—Take 1 oz. white wax, 2 oz. of spermaceti, and 3 oz. of almond oil. Put the whole into a basin, and place it in hot water till fused: then gradually add 3 oz. rose water, older water, or orange flower water, stirring all the time with a fork or small whisk. When cold it is fit for use.

CENTRALIZED GLASS.—4 oz. alum dissolved in 1 pint water. Put in the glass when the alum water is cold enough to bear the hand; wash it, and take it out when the crystals are large as you wish: dry them on paper. If you wish to color, get a few powdered pigments and sprinkle over, evenly if you can from the water; wash them away when it becomes cold.

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THE RIDDLES.

Enigmas.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 2, 12, 13, is a county in Virginia.
My 12, 2, 12, 13, is a county in New York.
My 12, 2, 12, 13, is a bay.
My 1, 2, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, is a town in Vermont.

My 2, 12, 14, 15, is a city in Europe.
My 2, 12, 14, 15, is a county in Illinois.
My 12, 2, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, is a river in Ohio.
My whole is a pleasant city in one of the Eastern States.
Huntington, Va.

Enigmas.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 1, 12, 13, 14, is a hill to dry hope.
My 2, 2, 11, is an instrument of music.
My 2, 2, 12, 13, is a measure of distance.
My 2, 2, 2, 4, 5, is one of the cardinal points.
My 2, 12, 13, 14, is a disease in grain.
My 2, 2, 10, is a small sailing vessel.

My whole is an animal with heavy back like a duck's, paws webbed like the feet of a bird, and having a spur in the hinder foot, emitting poison.
Cincinnati, O. JOSEPH E. BORN, J. A.

Enigmas.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a flower admired by all.
Is used in adorning both beaver and hair.
My second is a saint in the realm above.
Where all is bliss, where all is love.
My whole is a shrub of delicate scent.
Guess me, young reader—I'll give you a hint!
Vernon Co., Pa. M. W.

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

One hundred write on paper white,
And follow with a circle true;
Five hundred then, in order pen,
A little word you now will view.
A fish 'twill be, found in the sea,
And often used as food by man.
A cape also, as you will know,
If fair New England's map you'll scan.
Poa Ridge Farm, Ohio. EVA.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a tract of land lying in the shape of a trapezium, which measures from the first to the second corner, 800 perches; from the second to the third corner, 800 perches; from the third to the fourth corner, 400 perches; and from the fourth to the first corner, 450 perches. Somewhere within the corner of this tract there is a large oak tree, from which, if lines be drawn to the four corners of the tract, it will be divided by them into four equal parts. Required, the distance of the tree from each corner of the tract, and the area of the whole tract.

FRANKLIN, VENANGO CO., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A servant draws off a gallon on each day, for 20 days, from a cask containing 10 gallons of wine, each time supplying the deficiency by the addition of a gallon of water; and then, to escape detection, he again draws off 20 gallons, supplying the deficiency each time by a gallon of wine. How much water still remains in the cask? And give a general formula which will solve all such questions.

Stonington, Ct. DAVID S. HART.

An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

When may a man be said to swallow cause and effect? Ans.—When he drinks gin and bitters.

What is a man like in the midst of a desert without meat or drink? Ans.—Like to be starved.

Why is the toothache like an unanswerable argument? Ans.—Because it makes people hold their jaw.

When is silence likely to get wet? Ans.—When it rains.

Who is a soldier who has not risen from the ranks for three years, like an Elliot manufactory of spirits? Ans.—Because he's a private still.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Shakespeare. ENIGMA—The Star Spangled Banner. RIDDLE—Respectfully declined. ANAGRAMS—Charles Dickens, Oliver Goldsmith, Samuel Lover, George Bancroft, Noah Webster, James Oglethorpe, William H. Garrison, James Montgomery, Robert Fulton, Thomas Moore, Gilbert Stuart, Sophocles, William Shakespeare, Ulysses S. Grant.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM, July 23d:—74 rods, 10 feet, 8 inches.—M. Stevens and the author.

To Gill Bates's, same date:—1,06153 feet.—G. B.

Eva's, same date, is impossible of solution.—J. M. Greenwood. Author's answer is:—A should have 37½ A; B should have 63½ A.

6 Horace G.'s answer to his Problem, July 29th:—19 sq. feet, 24 sq. inches.

To Morgan Stevens's, same date:—1.23 of the globe can be seen by the squirrel, and the distance from point to point is 2,148 feet.—J. M. Greenwood. The squirrel will see an area of 14.38 square feet, &c.—the same as above.—M. B.

To M. Van Buren's, same date:—35,788 gal.—M. Stevens. \$1.50 gal.—M. V. B.

Answer to Question proposed July 26th, by J. M. C., requesting the definition of the word "Hibernation."—It is supposed of the Great Horned Owl, and is the state of torpor or inactivity which it enters into in the winter, or that state in which it is supposed to hibernate.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. A notice of valuable information sent to any address on the receipt of ten cents, and thought that he must have ten cents' worth more of knowledge. He sent his dime and received in answer the following: "Friend, for your ten cents, postage, etc., please find enclosed advice which may be of great value to you. As many persons are injured for weeks, months and years by the careless use of a knife, therefore my advice is, when you use a knife, always whistle from you."